

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exist, and be a member of his loue, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Intirely honour, I would not be delayd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransome me into his loue againe, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content, And shut my selfe vp in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*) My Aduocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd. So helpe me every spirit sanctified, As I haue spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue scene the Cannon When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre, And like the Diuell from his very Arme Pufft his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State, Either from Venice, or some vnhat'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis euen so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such obseruancie As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Emilia*, I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witness, And he's Indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heauen it bee

State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no lealous Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Emil. But lealous soules will not be answer'd so; They are not euer lealous for the cause, But lealous; for they're lealous. It is a Monster Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about: If I doe finde him sit, Ile moue your suite, And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?

Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*. What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights? Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts bene prest, But I shall in a more continuat time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca* Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this? This is some Token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause: Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman: Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth, From whence you haue them. You are iealous now, That this is from some Mistis, some remembrance; No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Cassio. I know not neither:

I found it in my Chamber, I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied; Take it, and doe't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leau' you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend here on the Generall, And thinke it no addition nor my wish To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not. But that you do not loue me, I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumsanc'd, *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed, An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme? It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Procreantresse of her honor too:

May she giue that?

Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not scene, They haue it very oft, that haue it not.

But for the Handkerchiefe:

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:

Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie, As doth the Raven ore the infectious house: Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had scene him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad, Who hauing by their owne importunate suit, Or voluntary dotage of some Mistis, Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,

No more then he's vn-swear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Oth. Lye with her? Lye on her? We say lye on her, when they be lye-ber. Lye with her: that's fullsome:

Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not inue't her selfe in such shadowing passion; without some Iustification. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noses, Bares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Worke on, My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught, And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus, (All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord? My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie,

This is his second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lechargie must haue his quyer course:

If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by

Breakes out to savage madnesse. Look, he stirres:

Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,

He will recouer straight: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion, speake with you.

How is it General? Haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:

Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous City,

And many a ciuill Monster.

Oth. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke euer bearded fellow that's but yolk'd

May draw with you. Ther's Millions now aliu,

That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,

Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.

Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;

And to lye

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